A CALM REVIEW.

A Statement of the Encouraging Result of the November Election and the Good Prospects of the Democracy for 1888.

Every one naturally looks at the November elections with a view to their bearing upon the Presidency. There are two ways of contemplating those elections now in respect of the subjects to be decided in 1888. One way is to consider the comparative effect upon the fortunes of candidates. The other way is to consider the comparative effect on the voting strength of parties, that is to say, the division which would have taken place in the Electoral College if the Presidential election had been determined on the basis of the vote cast during the present month.

There are 401 electoral votes in the United States. Of the Electoral College 201 votes are a majority. In 1884 of these 401 electoral votes 219 were cast for Mr. Cleveland and 182 for Mr. Blaine. At the elections lately held States representing 207 electoral votes went unqualifiedly for the Democratic ticket, and of the original Republican States, Commonwealths aggregating 142 electoral votes went for the Republican ticket, without perceptible shrinkage. The remaining 52 electoral votes in the college were cast by States which are legitimately to be characterized as doubtful in the politics of the future, and which the result this year was very close—so close that in several of the States official returns will be required to decide for which party a majority of their people have cast their ballots.

It will thus be seen that if all the surely Republican States and if all the doubtful States were given to the Republican party, that organization would even then have but 194 votes against 207 securely held by the Democratic party. The opponents of the Democratic party will perceive that they must devise or discover some method of carrying the State of New York before they can hopefully expect to elect the President of the United States. New York seems to be a permanent stumbling-block in the way of such calculations. It has gone Democratic over a longer series of elections than any which have passed consecutively to the credit of the Republican party in this State in all the history of that organization.

New York went Democratic in 1882, in 1883, in 1884, in 1885 and again in 1886. The most elementary reasoning leads to the conclusion that the State should be expected to go Democratic in 1887 and in 1888, because the prestige, the future and the inclination of the party, victorious for four years in succession, will be enlisted in producing such a result, and because that party is now and then will be in executive control of the Government of the Commonwealth and of the United States.

The House of Representatives of the Fiftieth Congress will be securely Democratic. We may be sure that the next House of Representatives will be moderate, business-like and practical. We may be sure that the present House of Representatives, in its final session during the ensuing winter, will be marked by a chastening sense of responsibility, which will lead it to act cautiously, prudently, slowly, doing little more than passing the necessary appropriation bills, and not trying to revive or unsettle any of these large questions which the people have preferred should not be brought to a decision at the present time.

It will also be seen that many of the losses in Congressmen are due to local and personal causes. Districts West, South and East have got tired of voting for the same men. There was a disposition in many quarters to have new blood brought to the front. The result is seen in a Congress which contains perhaps a smaller proportion of re-elected men and a larger proportion of men new to public functions than any which has assembled for twenty years in the United States.

The President's friends very spiritedly maintain that any attempt to hold the Administration responsible for these local losses and for these set backs is unfair. They declare that Mr. Cleveland has not concerned himself with the petty details of politics, but that he has been reasonably considerate of the position, the power, and, relatively speaking, of the rights of politicians of large degree, whose primacy in the leadership of the party is attested by the results in contests of large proportions, and by the consent of large communities.

There is much to justify this conclusion. He who talks with men on the street, at their places of business, or on the avenues of travel, finds that the President is highly respected, that his honesty is admitted, that his firmness is appreciated, and that his homely, direct, personal way of doing things contrary to precedent and out of routine, has commended him to the people, as truly as it may have lost him the regard of that limited and superstitious class, the politicians by profession.

The President certainly has a coign of vantage in the Presidency itself which is not to be lost sight of. His Administration can not be regarded as a failure without a confession of judgment against the party itself. The inclination of Democrats to succeed on their own behalf must be made synonymous with the effort to represent that the administration of their own election has been successful also.

This does not mean that the party is bound to the renomination of Mr. Cleveland, or that Mr. Cleveland is bound to submit to a renomination and to place his leisure and a large portion of his future at the further disposition of the people, unless he shall so desire. But it does mean that the party is in good shape and that it is as able to make the present Democratic Administration an instrument in the perpetuation of Democratic control of the offices as it was to make the Jackson Administration a factor in the election of the Van Buren Administration and the Pierce Administration a factor in the election of the Buchanan Administration.

There is no disposition among Democratic statesmen and politicians to antagonize the President now, or in 1888 to commit themselves to an unalterable programme for 1888. But there is a realization of the collective strength of the Democratic party, and there is, so to speak, a reconsideration of the lessons of the late election, which strengthen and encourage the heart of the party, and which correspondingly depress the expectation and hope of its adversaries.—*George Hope, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

HOMAGE TO MANHOOD.

President Cleveland's Fitting Reception at the Hands of Harvard's Scholars, Both Old and Young—Instructive Words.

There was a warmth and heartiness about the greeting extended to Mr. Cleveland in Boston that testified how close and strong are the bonds that unite him to the people. It was a spontaneous tribute to a faithful official, honest, straightforward public servant, who places duty before everything and is staunch and true under all circumstances. In the oldest and most eminent university in America, surrounded by the most distinguished representatives of New England education and culture, the Democratic President was the recipient of honors and courtesies of which any man might be proud. From the revered president of Harvard down to the youngest graduate, every one was eager to testify his respect and admiration for Mr. Cleveland. While much of this enthusiasm was owing to the high office of the distinguished visitor, a very large proportion of it was caused by the sterling qualities which have characterized his public career. The unvarying success of that career, due to fidelity, high purpose and earnestness, was an example to the young men around him and a subject of admiration to their elders and professors. The occasion was one, also, calculated to inspire the most sluggish breast. Fair Harvard, young and vigorous, ardent and ambitious, after two hundred and fifty years of life, was in her gayest and brightest mood. Around her gathered her children, among them men of world-wide fame, all filled with the same affectionate feeling for their *Alma Mater*. To her were offered the noblest tributes that American lips could utter in Mr. Lowell's grand oration and Dr. Holmes' impressive poem. Most instructive to the young graduates were Mr. Cleveland's well considered words on the duties of American citizenship.

After all it comes to this, the people of the United States have one and all a sacred mission to perform; and your President not more surely than every other citizen who loves his country must assume a part of the responsibility of demonstrating to the world the success of popular government. No man can hide his talent in a napkin and escape the condemnation his slothfulness deserves, nor evade the stern sentence which his faithlessness invites. In parting with you now let me express the earnest hope that Harvard's alumni may always honor the venerable institution which has honored them, and that no man who forgets or neglects his duty to American citizenship shall find his *Alma Mater* here.

It was a day to be remembered in the annals of Harvard and one worthy of the occasion and the distinguished assemblage. And in the opinion of many who attended the quarter millenial, the brightest feature there was the presence of "the handsomest Democrat in America." —*Albany Argus.*

Some Difference.

Secretary Lamar has been making some rattling speeches in the Southwest and telling the people that the United States is a pretty fair place to live in after all. Though he did not avoid the subject of the war and former sectional differences, he expressed the belief that the North and the South have reached a stage in their history when they can lock arms and march through "the corridors of time" to the music of the Union. Let us see—Secretary Lamar is a Southern man.

Mr. Blaine has been making a tour through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, doing his best to keep the old ante-bellum antagonisms alive. He has shaken them up as a kennel keeper lashes his dogs and sets them all yelping. Then in a magnificent peroration he described the tyranny of the whites and the oppression of the blacks until the groundlings were wild with delight.

It is a little odd that the South should accept the new order of things, while Mr. Blaine insists that unless the North hates the South it yields one of its greatest privileges and is recreant to its most important duty.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Colored Man in Congress.

The Republican newspapers do not seem as seriously moved as might be expected by the gradual elimination of the colored man from Congress. There is a hint in their comment on the subject of a feeling on the part of the party that it has no further use for the colored Representative and no longer cares to take the trouble to elect him. Speaking of the fact that but one negro member has been chosen to the Fiftieth Congress, the Buffalo *Express* says:

The year 1869 marked the advent of the negro in Congress, and since that time he has been an uninteresting and usually silent figure in that National body. His gradual retirement may well be taken as an additional proof of his political subjugation, and in so much its significance is important. It may be questioned, however, if his presence in the halls of legislation was of any benefit to the individual member or to the race. To sit in somber dumbness through the daily sessions, to vote with the Republican side and draw his monthly treasury warrant from the Sergeant-at-Arms was generally the sum total of the negro member's achievements. He rarely spoke, and when he did break silence interest in his remarks was usually confined to the galleries.

So the negro is passing out of Congress as he is rapidly leaving the legislative chambers of the Southern States. The reaction is perhaps but natural.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Blaine will probably not succeed in the extensive business of reconciliation in which he is said to have embarked. Mr. Conkling, toward whom he is said to be making advances, is reported to have said in Boston, the other day, that "the Republican party is falling to pieces because of bad management;" and, although he could not be led into expressing an opinion of Blaine, "his general manner was such as to give the impression that the recent rumor of a coalition between his friends and Mr. Blaine in the interest of the latter was one of the absurd inventions of the year."—*Chicago Times.*

WEBSTER IN WOOD.

History of a Painted Statue of the Great New England Orator.

Travelers who journey down the south shore frequently put the query: "What is it?" to their fellow-tourists, with relation to a snow-white statue to be seen on the left of the track, just before the train halts at the Hingham station. The glimpse one gets of the figure as the cars speed past is tantalizingly short, and even the most experienced eye has barely time to note its likeness to Daniel Webster, and possibly the additional fact that it stands upon a low mound at the rear of a row of buildings. Why, if it is really a work of merit, as it appears to be, it should be given so inconspicuous a position, and when and how it came into existence at all, are questions which prove puzzles alike to the inquiring traveler and all his companions. A representative of the *Herald*, however, who has made inquiry respecting the statue, has learned that the figure was presented to Mr. Samuel Gilbert, of Boston, about thirty years ago by his relative and intimate friend, Mr. Edward Winsor, who purchased it at a sale of a wood-carver's effects. Mr. Gilbert placed it upon a mound of earth in his garden at Dorchester, where he then resided, on the estate now occupied by Mr. Edwin H. Sampson. Ball Hughes, the sculptor, examined it while it was thus located, and appeared to be much pleased with it. He did not, however, fancy its position on a mound, and said to Mr. Gilbert that he ought to have placed it on the lawn in front of the house and in view of the street. Upon Mr. Gilbert remarking that he would have done so had it been of marble instead of wood, the sculptor said it did not matter of what material the statue was made, as many fine figures were of wood. The statue is six feet in height, in Mr. Webster's favorite and usual position in a drawing-room, and represents him as he looked a few years before his death. Its bearing is at once graceful and dignified, and were it chiseled from marble instead of carved from wood it would long ago, doubtless, have occupied a most prominent position in some public place. It was probably carved for the figure-head of a ship. On Mr. Gilbert's removal from Dorchester, a number of years ago, he presented the figure to his relative, Mr. George M. Soule, of Hingham, who had always admired it. It was then taken to the town named and placed in its present position on the land of Mr. Soule. The latter gentleman died several years since. The figure is painted white, and were it not for its peculiar location an observer a few feet away from it would never suspect that it had not its aristocratic origin in an Italian marble quarry, instead of tracing its lineage back to the more plebeian associations of an American forest.—*Boston Herald.*

BISCUIT FOR DOGS.

Origin and Development of a Peculiar London Business Enterprise.

Twenty years ago the business of making dog biscuit was represented by a small shop in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery lane, and a weekly sale of a couple of tons. Now there is a vast factory near London bridge and another in New York, between which is a daily output and sale of from thirty to forty tons. This dog food is made of wheaten flour (chiefly that known as middlings), oatmeal, dates, beetroot and prairie meat. Dates were the first article of a vegetable or fruity nature introduced, and have had the anti-scorbutic effect so desirable in the feeding of dogs. For many years they only were employed, and at that time it was advised that fresh vegetables should be given twice a week, additional to the biscuits. Searching for something that would obviate the need for this addition, it was discovered that the only vegetable which did not lose its distinguishing properties under the great heat to which the cakes are subjected in baking is beet root, and as it has all the desirable elements, for some years all the biscuits sent out have contained beet root. The last ingredient is prairie meat, which is not, as many suppose, tallow greaves or butchers' refuse. It is meat from mid and South America. From it all fat has been removed, but the most valuable gristle and bones remain to be ground up, and is not only of the highest quality from a feeding point of view but perfectly sweet and good. Analysis has shown that it is much more nutritious than the beef usually sold in our butchers' shops, for it contains only five per cent. of water.—*London News.*

DIDN'T LIKE IT.

An Englishman Who Failed to Appreciate Arkansan Delicacy.

An English cotton buyer, who has been in this country but a short time, met a prominent citizen in a hotel the other night, drew him aside and said:

"I'm a stranger in this place, ye knaw, and don't knaw much about the ways."

"Yes, I understand."

"And I want you to explain something to me."

"All right."

"Three days ago when I met you and you said: 'W'y, 'ow hare yer, Colonel?'"

"Yes, I remember."

"And yesterday when I met you," the Englishman continued, "you said, 'W'y, Major, good morning.'"

"That's a fact."

"And," said the Englishman, growing warmer, "a few moments ago I met you and you said: 'Captain, 'ow hare you by now?'"

"You are right, but what of it?"

"W'at of it! w'y I want to know w'y I continue to fall. Hare you going to run me down to a blarsted corporal?"

"Look here," said the citizen, indignantly drawing himself up, "you are not a native of this country, and blast your hide you ought to be satisfied with any thing you can get. You haven't got sense enough to see that I was trying to let you down easily. S long, corporal."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

How Agents are Trained to Do Effective and Profitable Work.

"The publication of an article on How Book Agents are Primed," said the manager of a well-known subscription-book publishing house, "has attracted wide attention, particularly as it was the first article that has treated the subject with reference to the instructions agents received from their employers. What we make a special feature of is systematic work. For instance, in canvassing in towns we instruct the agent to carry a pocket memorandum book, and after he has started his list with a sufficient number of the leading characters, to canvass each street in course. When beginning with a street he should mark a few lines to indicate the street, the line he is upon, on what block, etc., and note down all who are absent and those who he is to call on again. Very likely after the first block, his notebook will look like this:

North Street.

Main Street.

Smith, out of town; back next week.
Jones busy.
Phillips, busy.
McCoy, says call at noon.
Davis, out.
Williams, out.
Peters, busy.
Childs, out.
Harrison, sick.

When through the first canvass he should go over the ground again and again until all have had a chance. This is the only way in which a thorough canvass of a town can be made, as it will not do to trust to memory. Yes, sir, it's a regular art to sell a subscription book, and there are but few avocations equal to this in requiring a knowledge of mankind. While there are certain general principles termed human nature common to all, the agent finds each specimen varied in minor points, so that if he feels disposed to observe he can adapt himself to the peculiarities of individuals and thus wonderfully increase his influence in the important art of pleasing. If it's like any thing, this business resembles fishing more than any thing else. Some days the agent will not obtain even a name, while on others his business will be first rate. I have known of an agent starting out fresh on Monday morning and working faithfully the first three days of the week without obtaining a name. But the three remaining days he got nineteen names."

"Are there no people whom you advise agents to avoid?"

"Yes, an agent should avoid as a pestilence men in groups, public gatherings and people at court. Very little can can be effected on such occasions. Walk up to any knot of three or four and one of them is sure to be either a joker or a grumbler, and if either, a laugh or a whine will be made at your expense, so that all hopes of getting subscribers will be lost. But call upon a man at his home or place of business and he feels himself particularly addressed; his mind is more free to act, and the chances of success are better, for he is but one, and you, if quick-witted, will soon see how to suit him. When all other arts fail the agent often wins by asking a gentleman or lady if the birthday of wife or husband or friend will not occur soon, and suggesting the nicety of his book as a birthday or Christmas present. People often tell an agent awful stories of having been cheated by book agents. An old agent, a perfect prodigy, the Napoleon of agents, in fact, who, although near seventy years of age, works unremittingly from morning until night, has a pet mode of meeting this cheating objection. 'Well,' he says to the complainer, 'you have sometimes bought a hat and found that it did not do good service and sometimes a pair of boots that wore right out, and you considered you had been cheated in both hat and boots.' 'Yes, that's a fact,' is the reply. 'Then,' says the agent, 'did you from fear of again being cheated determine to go hatless, and barefooted the rest of your days?' But one of the real arts in the business and which people outside of it don't have any idea of, is to deliver a book after it has been subscribed for. The majority of agents generally lose from five to ten subscribers in a hundred. The success in delivering all depends upon the agent. Some few agents whom we have known make out grandly in obtaining subscribers and miserably in delivering, losing one out of three and sometimes even worse. These were always very amiable men, of whose good nature advantage was taken. The fault was mainly their own. When they call upon a subscriber they acted just as if they expected he would refuse to fill his contract, saying something like this, 'I have brought your book; I hope you are ready to take it,' as it were, inviting him to make an excuse. To deliver well an agent should be pleasant, but firm and decided, acting just as if the subscriber was as anxious to procure as he to deliver the article, and he rarely will experience any difficulty."
—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Out of His Element.

"James," said a grocer to the new boy, "what have you been doing in the back room so long?"

"I was a pickin' the dead flies out of the dried currants, sir," replied Jamhs.

"You were!" said the grocer with much disgust. "And your father told me that he thought you were born for the grocery business. You had better study for the ministry, James."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The latest agony in dancing circles is said to be the "Mikado polka," which includes imitations of Yum-Yum's mincing gait, Poo-Bah's stately stride, and Ko-Koh's sprightly jumps. A young man who recently lost his breath, his patience, his temper and a suspender button, according to the Buffalo *Courier*, in mastering its intricacies, said: "I am all tired out, but I've got it. You take a polka step and then kick, then another polka step and kick again. Then you hop three steps forward, as in the La Bel'e waltz, and then you polka again. There's nothing like it."

FALSE ECONOMY.

Why the Use of Cheap Articles Is in Reality Rank Extravagance.

The most extravagant living is cheap living. A meal of the very cheapest food is very apt to be a meal of some poor quality of provision. A meal of such food gives little or no strength to body or mind. Your strength of body and mind is your main stock in trade. It has a value in dollars and cents. A steady diet of poor food may make you, if not "sick-a-bed," sick on your feet, sick while at your business, lessen your snap and vigor, and so lose you money. Cheap things, when they are poor things (as in most cases they are), cost far more than good things. You buy a cheap trunk. It bursts asunder in compliance with the effort and prayer of the baggage-slinger, betrays secrets, lets cats out of the bag, and so costs far more money, and pains besides, than a good one. You buy a suit of cheap clothes. They look cheap to commence with. It is not a business recommendation to "look cheap." In three weeks the gloss is worn off. They fade as a leaf. In six weeks they look as much worn as a really good texture of cloth would be in four months. You pay for two suits of clothes more than for one good one. You get from them neither wear, quality or style. You do get a second or third-rate recommendation from them to that class of people who judge a man by the "cut of his jib," and grumble at it as much as you may, these are a very necessary class of people to make a good impression on. So cheap dressing is very extravagant dressing.

Economy means the purchase and use of the very best articles, so as to get the very best out of them. A sick horse may be bought for a little money, to be of little or no use, a care on your mind, an expense to your pocket, and a bringer to you of nothing but worry. This is an extravagant horse. Competition which seeks to lower the price of every thing is the death of trade. It cuts down lower and lower, until at last no profit is left any one. Then the factory stops. The workman has nothing to do. The boss fails, absconds or goes into other business. Competitive cheap labor does not tend to make artists. It does tend to make imitators, copyists and counterfeits. A skilled needlewoman—one who took an artistic pride in her work—said to me after a week's experience in one of New York's great retail bazaars, where scores of cheap dresses "in the latest style" were turned out daily. "There is no encouragement in our workshop for good, careful, painstaking work. The girl who can rush the most thread through the most yards of cloth and turn out the most dresses in reality not much more than basted together, is the one best praised and best paid by her employer." When you buy such a dress you encourage the making of shams, imitations, counterfeits. You encourage work done without conscience, and only for cash. You discourage honesty. You discourage the doing of work in which should be put brains, skill, care, conscious and time. That is another name for artistic work. You are helping on fraud. You help rascality. You oppose yourself to justice and fair dealing. If you buy where you can buy the cheapest, without regard to any thing save the getting of an article for the least possible money, you are encouraging fraud and injustice.

You claim that your labor is illy paid: Yet when you hunt for the cheapest article and patronize the man determined to sell lower than all, you are putting money in the pocket of the man whose policy it is to cut down lower and lower the price of every thing he sells. If you are making brooms for a living and he is selling them, it is his aim to force you, directly or indirectly, to make your brooms for the least possible money. The world of manufacture is now engaged in the endeavor to make everybody do its work for as little money as possible in making as good an article as possible. When you go into the manufacture of shoes or hats you set your wits at work to get other people's labor for the least possible money in making those shoes or hats. You want the work done and raw material raised for you and brought to you for the least possible money. You don't care whether Tom, Dick or Harry, who grows the article, or prepares it, or freights it to you, gets a fair price for his work or not. You don't care how they live or whether they get enough to eat or wear. You don't know them. You don't want to know them. All you want of them is their strength, skill and intelligence for as little money as possible, so that when all that strength and skill comes to you in the shape of a hat or coat, a pair of shoes, a kettle, a shovel, or a tin pan, you can get four, six, eight or ten times as much for the work you do in selling it as they have done in getting it ready for you to sell. If you (be you laborer or merchant, capitalist or trade-unionist) buy a very good article at a very low price, you congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain. Do you ask: "Was the man fairly paid for his labor who made this article?" Do I ask it? When I am trying to beat down the price do I not say, with the psalmist: "It is naught—it's a poor piece of goods any way;" but when I am gone my way do I not boast of my bargain and hold it up before my neighbors and say: "Lo! I bought this pan for a nickel—but it costeth ten cents elsewhere?" But am I my brother's keeper?—*Prentice Mulford, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A large oyster bed has been discovered on the flats near Fall River, Mass., and the people of the vicinity are helping themselves freely. Several years since a schooner laden with oyster shells capsized in a squall off William Slade's flats. This is thought to be the origin of the bed. At low water persons can wade in, and in twenty minutes can pick with their hands all the oysters that they can carry at one time. These oysters near the shore are of fair size, are found in clusters and are in good condition. Farther out into deeper water the oysters are larger.—*Boston Herald.*

PLANTS AND HEALTH.

How the Air We Breathe and the Water We Drink Are Purified.

We are absolutely dependent upon plants for life. If it were not for them the air we breathe would become loaded with carbonic acid and would be absolutely poisonous to us. If a man goes into a deep well where the air is not changed and into which the carbonic acid, being heavier than air, has settled, he is apt to be suffocated. I think one of our papers lately presented a case of some poor man who went into a deep well and was found there dead. How is air purified? It is the business of plants to take carbonic acid from the atmosphere and make it fit for respiration. Plants not only furnish our breakfast, dinner and supper, but they purify the air we breathe from moment to moment. Plants purify the water we drink, just as much as they purify the air we breathe. During the war, as medical inspector, I was for a time on duty at St. Louis. Near that city was a large hospital known Benton Barracks. A person living in that neighborhood called upon the mayor of the city and made this complaint. He said that he lived upon the margin of a large pond of several acres into which the sewerage of the hospital was discharged, and now the water, instead of being clear, as it always had been, was covered with a green scum, and this was the reason of his complaint, as he feared his family would all suffer from the impure water. The mayor invited me, as medical inspector, to get into his carriage and look at the pond. When we came in sight of the small lake or pond we saw it covered all over with something as green as a meadow. The mayor was very much astonished and shocked; he did not see how anybody could possibly live in that locality. He evidently regarded that scum as something very dreadful. I stepped down to the margin of the water and picked up a little of this scum, called the attention of the mayor and told him we had here a very pretty little plant, the *Lemna polyrhiza*. There were two leaves spread open, each larger than a flax seed, and from each were several little roots running down into the water. The common name is duckmeat. I picked up these plants, took some of them into my mouth and chewed them, then took a cup I had with me and dipped up some of this water and passed it around to see if they could perceive any odor. It was very nice clear water indeed. I drank some of it, and then said to the mayor: "A good deal of filth has been discharged into this pond, and, if this little plant had not come to the relief of this gentleman and his family, this would have been very filthy water; but, fortunately, this little plant has spread over a large portion of the pond, and that is the purifier." These plants had been living upon the filth that had been thrown into the pond, and there were so many of them that they had kept the water pure, so far as we could see. The gentleman who had made the complaint examined this lemna and saw that it was a veritable plant. There was no scum about it. He thanked us and said that he and his family had been half frightened to death. "But in future I will make no more complaints," said he. Aquatic plants are doing this for us everywhere. We ought not to call them scum and give them bad names, when they do not deserve it. It is the business of plants that grow upon water to make that water clean.—*Prof. N. T. Townshend, in American Garden.*

FEMININE GOSSIP.

Some Late Fancies in Dress, Furs, Jewelry and House Decorations.

The leading fur is seal.

Seal plush is the rival of seal and otter.

Men's cuffs are cut round at the corners.

Men's shoes are worn broader at the toes.

There is no end of the variety in shapes of hats.

American silks are becoming fashionable in London.

Pale pink veils prove to be more becoming than red ones.

Bead and reed portieres and screens grow in popular favor.

Red and brown is the favorite color combination for children.

Coral brooches, necklaces and bracelets are revived for full dress.

Hairpins of shell have handsome heads set with imitation jewels.

Linked sleeve buttons are more popular for men's wear than single buttons.

Black, dark gray and navy blue stockings remain in favor for street wear.

Imitation coral necklaces, bracelets and brooches are worn with taille toilets.

Leather remains the fashionable and correct covering for dining room chairs.

Young married women may wear either a hat or bonnet for full visiting dress.

Hats are correctly worn with tailor-made suits, whether the wearer is young or not.

White corduroy is popularly combined with white wool stuffs for dressy tea and morning house gowns.

The taste for crowding rooms with all sorts of ornaments, bric-a-brac, and knick-knacks is on the wane.

Evening dresses are again made of tulle or gauze and richly embroidered with cut jet or crystal beads and bugles.

The three-button cutaway coat worn by gentlemen for morning dress this season looks better than it did, as it is cut lower down, and a little longer than it was last winter.

The latest fancy in pug dog covers has a Turkish saddle embroidered in gold thread on the back, and dog's name and lady's monogram on the left and right shoulders.

Mantel lambrequins are going out of vogue, cabinet frames of wood on a shelf of wood and backed by beveled-edged mirrors being the correct finish for even a marble mantelpiece. Sometimes the entire mantelpiece, sides and all, are covered with wood panels or with Lincrusta Walton, decorated.—*N. Y. Sun.*